

Brand New Trapeze Act That's Hard to Beat.



Human Posts Hold Up This Swaying Wire.

HERE is the very latest novelty in the acrobatic world, and the next to entertain New Yorkers. It is the finale of an exhibition of wire walking that is in itself a fine novelty.

It is the innovation of the three sisters Macarte, who are making a name for themselves just now as very clever midair performers. In the main act these three pretty girls all walk on the same wire at one time and go through all the familiar manoeuvres, and some also that are new. As a finale to this act they dismount from the high wire, and two of the sisters get upon trapezes, one placed at either side of the stage. After performing several acrobatic feats upon the trapeze each hangs by the knees. Then a wire is stretched between the two girls, and they take either end in their mouths and thus form with their bodies human links between the wire and the trapeze.

The third sister then mounts the wire and goes through an act with as much surety and skill as though either end of the wire were attached to a strong wire staple. While in this unique position musical instruments are handed to the girls and they play a few bars of a popular air on banjos and mandolins.

However, the remarkable part of their work is the fact that all three are performing acrobatic feats on the wire at the same time. What each of the sisters does alone stamps her as an artist and quite up to the very best; but when all three work together on the same wire the act is full of unusual interest. They do their act so gracefully and seemingly so easily that one is apt to overlook how difficult it is their work; but the more one thinks it over the more impossible seems their performance.

The wonder of it all is why one girl in trying to maintain her balance does not cause the others to lose theirs.

It took five years of hard training, practicing six and seven hours a day, for the

Macarte sisters to perfect themselves in this act. They are not only pretty, but young, their ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-one. Their father and trainer accompanies them, and he tells their story as follows:

"We are a family of acrobats—or, as we are termed in England, circus people—and have been so for generations; therefore my children take quite naturally to acrobatic feats. My mother was Mlle. Macarte, and any one at all versed in European circus matters will tell you that in her day Mlle. Macarte was by far the most famous

been with circus people and their children, they naturally learned to do a number of tumbling tricks, for that was part of their play at circus.

"However, I took them in hand and began a systematic course of training. I had taught them a number of acrobatic feats, such as tumbling, turning cart-wheels and trapeze work, and their regular morning exercise was taken on the horizontal bars. For I had fitted up a regular gymnasium. In the course of their training I found that they took naturally to wire walking. I followed the customary practice that is in vogue with all European circus people, which is to give the child a thorough training in an all-round athlete, but to pay particular attention to the line of work which

floor. I have whipped her for it many a time, but she would continue to do the trick when I was not about.

"One day I came into the gymnasium just as she was in the act of stepping up on the wire by the side of her oldest sister. For a moment or two they maintained their balance, then both fell off in opposite directions.

"This gave me an idea. If they could maintain their balance for half a minute they could be taught to do so longer, and instead of whipping the little one as usual, I encouraged them to continue at it. I was months and months training the girls before two of them could maintain their balance on the wire for a minute, and then when I brought the third into practice

Smoked While the Surgeon Cut Him Open.

INCINNATI has a stolid who calmly smoked a cigar while he lay on the operating table at a hospital and watched with interest an operation on his stomach.

This man's name is Martin Cohn. He is a civil war veteran and a sufferer from heart trouble. As a consequence of the heart disease it was impossible to give him chloroform or ether when he applied at a hospital for treatment for inguinal hernia.

He was told that the operation would be very painful, and could be only partially lessened by the application of cocaine to the surface of the skin. Cohn did not flinch at this prospect, but told them they could go ahead.

He was placed on the table ready for the operation, but before work began he asked for a cigar and match.

They were given to him, and with extraordinary self-satisfaction the patient blew the rings of smoke high in air, and it seemed as if never before he had enjoyed the weed so much. Yet strange to say, that while the smoke wreaths were ascending a keen-edged knife was plunging its way into the man's abdomen and the blood was spurting in streams from numerous arteries.

Occasionally the man would raise his head and watch the progress of the work, then continue placidly puffing his cigar.

The knife would slash and cut with lightning speed, attendants standing around watching the proceedings with interest, or assisting in handing the instruments to the operator. But still the chief actor in the scene contentedly puffed away at his cigar.

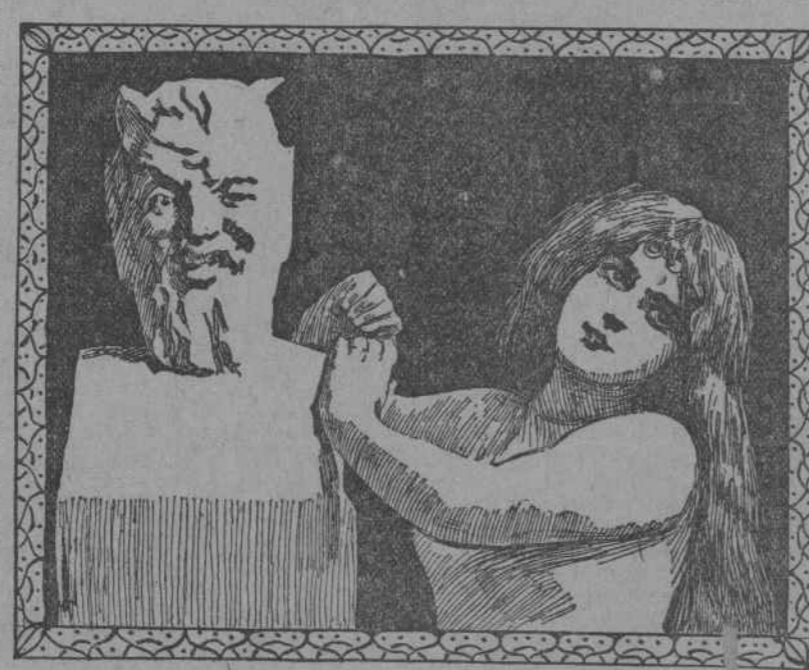
"Raise your head a moment," said the surgeon at a critical point in the operation. The patient obeyed. "Look down here." The patient did as he was told, while the surgeon held a mass of connective tissue in his hand, which, upon like, covers the intestines. Beneath it the intestines were clearly in view.

"You are perhaps the only man who ever saw the workings of his own intestines," observed the doctor. The patient was not in the least alarmed, and took a most profound interest in the further progress of the operation.

PRINCESS CHIMAY'S LATEST ACT OF SHAME.

THE Princess de Chimay, formerly Clara Ward, of Detroit, is not dead. Far from it. She is very much alive and behaving as outrageously as ever. She has just been photographed in company with a bust of Burlesque. From his picture Burlesque appears to be a very gay character. Nevertheless, he should be ashamed to be seen in company with the Princess de Chimay. Her photograph is of such a character that it is impossible to reproduce more than a small portion of it in a family newspaper.

Another item of interest concerning the Princess is that she has borne a son to her gypsy lover, Janes Rigo. This event serves to perpetuate



PART OF THE PRINCESS'S NEW PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BESIDE THE BUST OF BURLESQUE.

equestrienne in all Europe. I was trained to the circus and to do a turn at almost anything from clowning to bareback riding, though my strong card was wire walking. My wife, the mother of the three girls I have with me, was also a wire walker and an equestrienne as well. About twelve years ago she was injured and had to give up her circus work.

"It was then that I began to train the girls. The oldest was then ten years of age and the youngest seven. Up to that time they had no regular training, only such as I could give them at odd times. However, as their associations had always

comes easiest to her.

"I had intended making each a wire walker and trained them with that end in view, but I had trained them to do each a separate act. In training for this work we always stretched the wire not more than a foot above the floor, for the beginner always gets no end of tumbles, and a thorough teacher will not allow his pupil to venture on the high wire until at least two years' practice has been had on a low one. The youngest daughter was always mischievous, and her particular delight was to tease her sisters while they were at work. Whenever she would creep up behind them practice she would creep up behind them and put her foot on the wire, which would send the sister on the wire tumbling to the

It was more months before the three of them could stand on the wire for one minute. Their act of today is the result of five years' constant practice and a countless number of tumbles, some of them bad ones. Several times I got discouraged and was about on the point of abandoning the idea. It was two years before the three girls could walk across the wire without falling, but after they once got this down to a fine point the rest of the work seemed easy, for the real secret of the matter is to teach one girl to maintain her balance without moving the wire so as to unbalance the others. At the end of two and a half years I had them so trained that they could walk across the wire, turn and go back again, repeating the operation several times without a fall.

A Sailor Lad Who Wins the Hearts of Girls and Is a Girl Himself.



MARIE DE GAMOR AS A MAKE-BELIEVE BOY IN "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY."

HE matinee girls' pet just now is a girl. But they don't know it. They think they are sending flowers and pretty notes to a gay and rollicking sailor boy.

But in this they are de- luded. The jolly tar that is winning their hearts is lit- tle Marie de Gamor, as she appears in the opening chorus of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," at the Casino. She is laughing in her sleeve as she owns the perfume notes and carries the bouquets to her boudoir.

She is keeping her secret very closely, too, for she loves this odd kind of hero worship coming from her own sex.

It isn't so very strange, either, that the matinee girls have fallen victims to this little piece of stage deception. When jaunty Miss De Gamor struts upon the stage in gay sailor boy costume, with just a bit of the roll of the sea in her gait and a rollicking twinkle in her eyes, she forms just the ideal of what a jolly sailor should be. And what is more natural than for the very young matinee girls to have a sailor for their pet just now in these piping days of naval victories?

There is such a glamour thrown about the life aboard ship as presented on the stage, the swaying dances and the weird sea songs that the girls are captivated with it and the brave "boys" who go through these patriotic parts. Miss De Gamor does her part in the chorus with such youthful ardor and boyish grace that she is naturally singled out for attentions.

What she enjoys the most are the letters she receives. They come mostly from the upper West Side and Murray Hill, and are full of feminine love sentiments. The older writers, young women in their twenties, complacently praise the sailor as they would a cute little cousin, for they know "he" is very young from his size. That makes him their ideal, not for a lover, but just for a sailor lad pet. Here is what one of them writes:

"My Dear Little Sailor Boy:

"You have won my heart completely with your saucy little airs and your rollicking ways. You are so cute I would

just like to catch and kiss you. I know you are good and brave, and I really wonder whether you do not intend to go into the navy and be a gallant ensign and some day a commodore. . . . Lovingly your friend, ISABELLE."

The younger matinee girls in their teens take the little sailor quite seriously and are more coy in their letters. One who signs herself "Sweetly Yours," says, on red, white and blue stamped paper:

"What can you think and care for just a little mite of a girl in the audience? Yet I see you so often and think of you so much that I must write—yes, even if you tear this letter in bits, for I know you have so many admirers.

"Oh, if I could see you, could you teach me the sailors' dance and the pretty songs? Don't you think I am patriotic to think so much of you, just because you are a sailor boy? But perhaps that isn't it, but just your sweet self."

But Miss De Gamor's head is not turned by this adulation. It is a bit of success, of course, but then this is not her first success. She has made many happy hits on the vaudeville stage.

Pretty and petite, gay and nonchalant, she is just the kind of girl to please an audience or make charming company off the stage.

At first Miss De Gamor was tempted to reply to some of these missives and keep the innocent illusion, but then she thought that would be too cruel. What to do with the invitations for an afternoon sailing party, for an appointment to dinner and countless other naive attempts to meet the sailor lad in person, including requests to meet at the stage entrance, was a different matter. For days she was in dread lest she should be discovered by some of her sweethearts lying in wait for her as she came to the theatre. If they should find out then that she was not a boy what a vexatious scene there would be!

But nobody found out, and Miss De Gamor has ceased to feel uneasy, and takes all these things in quiet and enjoyment except when she breaks out in a rippling little laugh in her dressing room as she opens some particularly sentimental or funny letter.

Only one thing now troubles her, and that is if some of the girls should propose to her by letter and then follow up the suit in person; but it hasn't come to that yet, so she is still happy.



MARIE AS A REAL, TRUE GIRL IN ONE OF HER PRETTY DANCES.

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